



THE ARIZONA KICKER

The Editor Presents Some Samples of His Advertising

In reply to many letters and verbal queries, we would say that the Kicker is not a red-hot party organ. Nominally, we are a Democrat. Nominally, number two, we are a Republican. We hold the postmaster's office under a Democratic administration, and we desire to hang on to it.

To most readers it may seem that our policy is a selfish one. We grant it. We are taking care of number one in politics as well as in business. The Arizona editor who blows his horn for the sake of party will carry more deadheads on his subscription books than dollars in his pocket. We want some of the spoils. We do not propose to help waft a lot of ambitious, selfish and half-dishonest editors into office and then take off our hat and be thankful for what loose change they may toss us. We haven't said anything about botching, but it may be inferred that we'd throw a candidate down quicker than a jack rabbit can jump seven feet if he attempted to work us for a flat.

We are not alarmed about the future of America or Arizona, but we have no blood to shed. We simply propose to take care of ourselves during this campaign, and the editor that picks us up for a free howler will put in the next ten years wondering how far he fell and what he struck on.

Our Advertisers.
Touching the effect of our policy, we would invite the attention of people outside the State to the extent and character of our advertising patronage. Our advertisers say what they mean in good plain talk, and their announcements show the varied business interests of this town. Here are examples of some of the ads of our enterprising business men:

New Millinery Store.
Mrs. Poll Shoemaker, better known as "Boss-Eyed Poll," takes this method of informing the women of this town that she has opened her bargain millinery store on Pawnee street, and is displaying the largest and best assortment of

Jim Dandy Hats.
Even seen in Givendard Gulch or within a hundred miles of it. "Poll" was an unbounded success as a Chicago actress, and she's going to make things hum in the millinery business or break a leg.

Hats at \$5, \$10, and \$15.
And if you can duplicate 'em in Arizona then you can say I'm not on the "dead" and don't know my biz. Look for the blue front store, next door to the Centipede saloon.

Secret Societies.
G. of M.-Meets Thursday evening in its lodge rooms over Gilbert's store. The work at the next meeting will be the seventh degree of the krapvine twist on a one-eyed man, and a high old time is expected.

Horns of Gims-Meets every Thursday evening in the year in its lodge rooms over the bank.



over the bank. At the next meeting two candidates will be given the double-dog, and a banquet will follow.

Queer Kuuses-Meets Wednesday evenings in the lodge rooms of the G. of M. The work at the next meeting will be the "hilarious bounce," and five candidates are expected to be on hand. If you belong to this order you can travel all over Arizona and it won't cost you a cent.

Bully Boys-Meets Tuesday evenings at its lodge rooms over the postoffice. No man with a wooden leg admitted. The object of this society is to secure free drinks for its members. Has over 1000 members in the United States. Have every member \$20 yearly on his frinks.

Ho, Ye That Thirst!

THE RED DOG SALOON ON TOP.
Best beer. Best wine. Best whiskey. No one to watch you while you pour out. No gang of loafers to ring on strangers. We have lately added an extension to our bar, and twenty-eight men can now stand up and drink at once. We permit pounding on the bar with the butt of a gun to attract attention, and all shooting scraps are slicked over and made as easy as possible.

JOHN WHITE, Alias "NERVY JACK," WILL MIX FOR YOU WHILE YOU WAIT.

GRIZZLY BEAR MASHES, ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLIPS, PANTHER COCKTAILS.

WHITE WOLF SCREAMERS.
And all other favorite beverages of the glorious West. Don't forget the place, and don't run away if you happen to come in when old Jim Hewson and Uncle Billy Smith are popping at each other.

JIM HOPPE, Prop'r.

The Royal Hotel.
Only swell hotel in Givendard Gulch. By putting four in a bed this hotel will accommodate 200 people. We use regular crockery in the dining room, and any one wishing a napkin can have it. Soap, water, and towel in the room if desired. Beds made up once per day, same as in New York. You can sleep with your boots on or off, shoot at the lamps in

the dining room, eat as much as you please and then lick the plate. The idea of the proprietor is to make you feel at home. Terms, 10 per day and upward, according to the looks of the man.

GREEN & PERKINS, Proprietors.

The Keyote Restaurant.
This favorite old eating house, patronized by the editor of the Arizona Kicker and other tony critters for the last five years, still holds a rushing business, and is the only place in town where you can get a square meal for a dollar.

NO FORKS OR NAPKINS.
To offend the fastidious and take away from the appetite, but every customer is allowed to use his fingers and wipe his mouth on his coat tails.

BEAR MEAT.

VENISON.

BEEF STEAKS.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

And other toothsome meats, and you can eat as much as a grizzly and no one will hit you with a club. If our waiters are impudent or dilatory stir them up with hot lead, but for God's sake don't shoot at the crockery till we get rich enough to buy more.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.

And those who attempt to bill us are buried in the sand lots just behind the house. Therefore, come with the rhino, unless you are tired of life.

BILL GREEN, Sole Prop'r.

The Brunswick.

This old and favorite resort for travelers who desire rest and refreshment is opened again, after extensive improvements, and we boldly declare it the peer of the finest hostelry in the world. It contains 12 rooms, which have been fitted up at an expense of \$10 each, and over to people can find sleeping accommodations on the bar, the billiard tables and in the back yard, in case of a rush.

The best of everything to eat, and no extra charge for meals sent to rooms or for shooting at waiters. A cloth on every table, sheets on every bed and every room supplied with a pair of water and a box of matches.

The editor of the Kicker used to board here, but our fare was too rich for his blood.

Rocky Mountain Dan.

I am still holding forth at the old place in Third Street, and never carried a bigger stock of the stuff than now is under my roof.

FOUR YOUR OWN WHISKY.

Every critter is allowed to pour out his own whisky, and the universal price of a drink is 10 cents. If you want to make a hog of yourself, here is the place to do it.

DON'T SPIT COTTON.

When Rocky Mountain Dan is ready to supply you with everything wet and help you to get gloriously drunk.

Postoffice Notice.

From and after this date all mails for Pine Hill, Devil's Elbow, Grizzly Hill, Lone Jack, Grass Valley, and Dead Man's Hill will leave Givendard Gulch at 8 o'clock a. m.

All mails from the above places are due here at 5 o'clock p. m., but the carriers may get drunk and come in any time during the evening.

All persons calling at the general delivery window for mail are hereby informed that shooting through the window will not hasten the delivery of mail in the slightest.

No letters sent unless stamped. No trust for stamps. If you don't lick on your own stamps they won't be licked. Any person kicking in the door and arousing the postmaster after midnight will get more bullets than mail.

JIM HELLO, P. M.

Druggist and Pharmacist.

Having been bulldozed by the editor of the Kicker into advertising in his paper, I hereby announce that I have the best general drug store in all Arizona.

Twenty Kinds of Soap.

To select from in case you happen to feel like taking a wash, and as we are badly stuck on the tooth brushes we laid in a year ago, we have reduced the price to ten cents each.

Our New Soda Fountain.
was all ready to fix when a gang of the boys decided that we were putting on too much style and came in and shot all the faucets off. We have decided to let go of soda water, but we'll hand you out root beer and lemonade which will make your hair curl. Whiskey by the drink, as usual, and shooting at the colored lights permitted after dark.

We Don't Believe in Advertising.
but when a fellow holds a gun under your nose, that can you do about it? Sick or well, living or dead, give us a call and we'll make it pay you.

O. K. SIMPSON.

The Centipede Saloon.

This is the first saloon opened for business in Givendard Gulch. Three of its proprietors have

Been Lynched by Mobs.
but the fourth, who is your humble servant, is accounted a bad man to fool with, and has no fear of the rope. A doctor within half a block to attend all wounded men.

We Are Not Wicked.
but we do like to see things moving lively. Customers allowed to shoot at the waiters and barkeepers to being popped at. If you seek an old-time place don't pass us by.

HANK JONES, Prop'r.

A GOOD DEAL OF SMOKE.

In attempting to shoot the end off a cigar between the teeth of Sam Clay, at the postoffice last Wednesday afternoon, old Jim Hewson made a slight error in his calculations and carried away the tip of Sam's nose. It is a nose wrinkled with age, reddened with whiskey, and not worth 15 cents as noses go, but old Sam was foolish enough to get mad about it and open fire. As soon as the fun began

Max Hope, Col. White, Tom Jackson, and several others joined in, and for five minutes there was a constant pop! pop! pop! of revolvers. When the smoke cleared away Bob Shingle's valer dog lay dead in the road—the only thing touched by the dozens of bullets fired. Things have indeed come to a pretty pass in this town, and our individual advice to every man of that crowd is to go hang himself. Another such a fiasco like this and real estate won't sell for a dollar an acre.

BOWSER HITS IT

He Can Always Dig Up a Weekly Fad

The Bowser cat sat on the hearth winking and blinking.

The Bowser cricket had crept under the piano to chirp.

Mrs. Bowser sat reading a book.

Mr. Bowser sat reading his paper and smoking.

It was as peaceful a household as could be found in the State.

Suddenly—

The cat ceased winking and blinking.

The cricket came out of his chirp.

Mrs. Bowser looked up.

The cook fell down the cellar stairs with a yell.

Mr. Bowser hitched to the right—then to the left—then said:

"Must be a mighty interesting book."

"Fairly so," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Wouldn't want to lay it aside for a few minutes to talk with me?"

"Why, of course. I was wondering

about your feelings. Here—look at my hand again if you wish."

"But I do not wish!" he stiffly replied.

"There are some folks so blamed mean that their palms tell nothing more than a grizzly story. I took up palmistry for a diversion, and I propose to carry it along in spite of your would-be sarcasm. If you want to go into Green's

take the cat along with you. I'll go down and read the cook's future for her."

The cat and the cricket looked at each other and the cat followed Mr. Bowser down stairs with a well-founded belief that something of interest would occur.

The cook looked up with surprise as her dominions were invaded, and that surprise increased as she learned the object of the visit. She felt it her duty, however, to hold out her hand as requested, and after a look at it Mr. Bowser sagely said:

"This line here indicates a short life and a violent death. This other line indicates a lack of ambition. This little line that you will never marry. This other line indicates that you—"

"That's enough, sir," she said as she pulled her hand away. "Do you see that line there? Well, that indicates that if you are to come fooling around this kitchen with your nonsense I'll pack me trunk and be off in the morning! You don't you go out and read the hen tracks in the alley and find that you are to grow whiskers clear down to your toes!"

"But, my dear woman, this is palmistry," he mildly protested. "Nature has engraved certain lines on your palm as an index."

"I am no index, sir, and if you are not satisfied with my cooking I'll go! All the lines on my palm come from rubbing the washboard and handling the fattiron, and that's all there is to it. Am I to go?"

Mr. Bowser went instead. He was piqued and chagrined at his failure, and the night of a half-suppressed smile on Mrs. Bowser's face set his ears to working.

"I might have known she had a head of putty," he exclaimed, as he squared off for a row.

Mrs. Bowser discreetly held her tongue, and the cat took a walk under the piano and fondled her purr. For five minutes Mrs. Bowser paraded up and down, and then marched down the hall, clapped his hat on his head and passed out on the steps. He was just in time to meet a person ascending, and the person saluted him with:

"Could you help a man with a dying wife and six starving children?"

"Have you ever heard about palmistry?" queried Mr. Bowser in reply, after a minute.

"I have," replied the stranger.

"Have you got discouraged about palmistry?"

He gurgled in his throat, but no words came.

"It was funny we didn't see a cross-line in your hand," continued Mrs. Bowser. "Do you think we missed it?"

Mr. Bowser softly dabbed the handkerchief against his aching optic and heaved a sigh, and the stars twinkled the big white moon looked down in the house, and Mrs. Bowser slid into the house and hunted up the arnica and a bundle of soft rags.

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